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AGENTS

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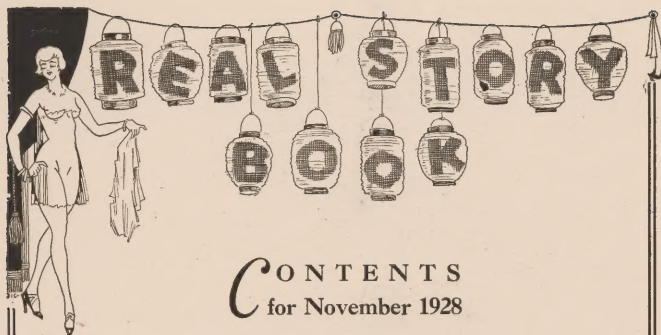
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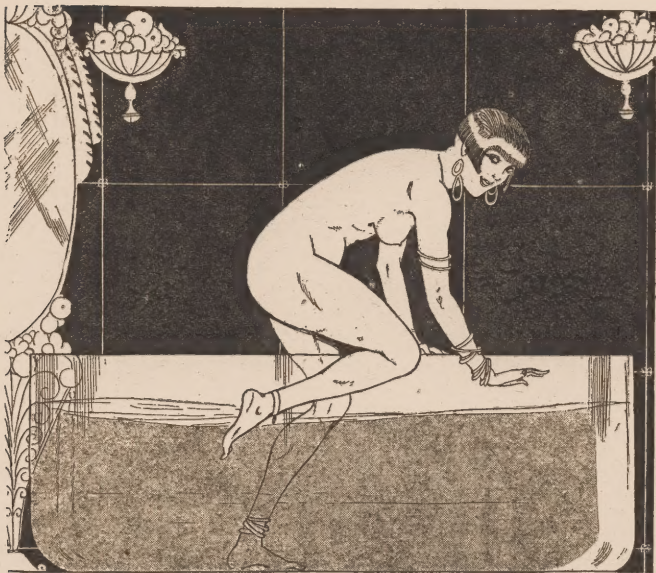
A FAMOUS POEM



"It Was the Kid's Last Fight"

❧ ❧ The Racket *A Story of Romance, Mystery, Passion and Love!*

by A. DICK



"She was just stepping into the tub—when"

Alice lay in bed, stretched full length. Even the sheets were hot. Both French windows of her apartment were wide open and the shades up all the way, still she could hardly breathe. Kicking off the top sheet, she lay there *au naturel*, as handsome as any Princess who ever lived, and as vital. Little light entered her room save the reflected moonbeams, and with the screens closed, she was safe until daylight

without being seen from across the court. Languidly she reposed, but with senses still alert. So much was on her mind, that even had the humidity been less, slumber would have been very difficult. Her nerves were at a tension as she reviewed the events which had passed. So much depended on her, so very much. Could she do it? Would she fail, or would she succeed? She *HAD* to succeed. Had she known however,

(turn over)

what the Future would hold, she would have hastened instantly to foreign shores, and tried to forget the whole affair. As it was, she tried to relieve her mind of the stress for the night; but thoughts would come darting here and there, ajumble, toppling over each other, confused, indefinite and distressing. She started to count sheep, but gave it up as a bad job; sleep just would not come.

Voices came faintly to her ears

from afar, then more clearly. She must have dozed off, after all. She sat bolt upright in bed with a start; someone was in the room! She listened attentively; she must have been mistaken. My what folly to let her nerves get the better of her like that; she must guard against it in the Future.

About to lie down again, she once more heard voices—this time plainly, and realized that they came from the adjoining room, the one next to

hers. Hastily slipping on a Dressing Gown, she tip-toed across the floor and pressed her ear to the thin door between—

“—taking chances——no——why should I——suppose they find it out——” intermittent traffic made it impossible to follow the conversation and get any sense out of it; besides the speakers rarely raised their voices. One was a woman, that was certain, and there was a masculine voice, but whether just two people or more, it was hard to determine. She just *HAD* to see into that room, but how? The keyhole? It would be stuffed with paper, of course—she looked—it was. And from the other side.



“—placing an eye to the pin-point aperture, she saw—”

There was no transom. Her keen eyes darted over the entire door searching for the slightest crack, but she was doomed to disappointment; there was none. Listening intently for any break in the conversation, and choosing a spot which would command the best view, she started to bore a hole through the door. Suddenly the talk stopped—she paused. Had she been discovered? She listened they were speaking again, but in some foreign language now. It was not French, nor German, was it Spanish?

Again she bent to her task, and ere long, felt the point of the instrument go through. She waited a second and once more listened. There was no conversation now, but instead, she heard the click, clickety-click of a typewriter. Hastily placing an eye to the pin-point aperture, she saw—

Nothing! That is, at first. And then—as her eye became accustomed to the focus, she saw—the typewriter. And directly in front of it, kneeling on a cushion, the typist. And the typist wore a mask—just a mask—nothing else—that was all!

Alice had seen many things, but

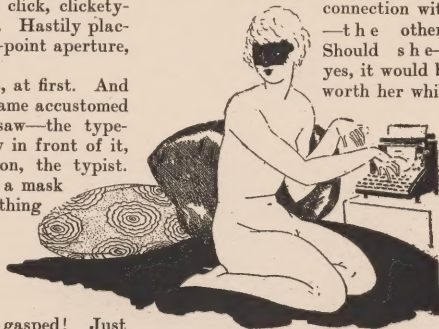
THIS, why it was so unusual and bizarre, she almost gasped! Just what, was a beautiful girl, wearing no clothes but a mask, doing with a typewriter, at that time of night? And *WHY*? As she still watched and wondered, all of a sudden, out went the light. Even though Alice remained at the door for some time, naught save an occasional whisper rewarded her efforts; and knowing that she could find out little else that night, reluctantly went to bed. But if she couldn't sleep before, it was almost impossible now. Still

rest was essential if she would be on the job early in the morning.

* * *

Daylight was streaming in the window, when she awoke with a start. What time was it anyway; a glance at her watch showed the hour of Seven, an hour later than she had intended arising. Listening at the door, all was quiet, nor could she see a thing. Not up yet, thought she, and probably wont be for another hour—time enough for her *toilette*. Running the water in her ultra fashionable bath, she mused over the situation. What a peculiar incidence, or was it, coincidence? Just who were these persons in the next suite, and what was their game? Did this racket, by chance, have any

connection with
—the other?
Should she—
yes, it would be
worth her while



to find out, at any rate, it promised interesting developments.

She was just stepping into the tub—about half in, when—the Telephone Bell rang. Who could that be? And so early in the morning? Her foot left its wet impress on the rug, as she went to answer the summons. "Hello, hello"—"Number please,"—"I don't want *ANY* number, — you rang,"—"Excuzit (turn over)



please;" she hung
up, annoyed, but
thoughtful.
Well it
MIGHT have

"since you're so wise figure this out"
\$9;5:3"#023439;596974 — "/3
%94—358594

So *THAT* was the secret of the typewriter; a part of the mystery at least, even though a small part. It would take time to solve the code, but she had to find out, it might make a decided difference, and then again, it might not make the slightest. No need to listen at the door; she *KNEW* the birds had flown.

Once more the phone, but this time she lifted the receiver with alacrity. "The call was from a pay station," was all the information given. Putting on her hat, she went down to the office. "Those persons in the next room made so much noise last night I couldn't sleep," she complained, "just what kind of looking people are they?" "I don't know," the young fellow replied, "the night clerk has left, I'm the day man."

Alice seemed baffled at every turn, but not disheartened. Just as she stepped from the door to the sidewalk, a man got into a cab. Nothing very unusual about that, a very common occurrence, but there was something about him that gave her pause. Was it his broad athletic back, the spring of his step, the poise of his bearing, a general air of determination, or what? She could not decide, at any rate, it registered subconsciously; as also did the number of the Cab as he drove away.

At a nearby drug store, Alice



been an accident of course, but they certainly picked out a good time. She was *IN* the bath this time, when again the bell jingled insistently. Well whoever it was, they'd have to wait, or call again, that's all there was to it. Still she hurried, half dried herself, and with not as much on, as the law allows, picked up the receiver—*ANYTHING* to stop that bell.

"Hello,"—she said, and then the line went dead. She had distinctly heard someone hanging up. Quickly she signaled the operator, "Give me Central please, and hurry." Impatiently she waited for what seemed to her, an eternity. "Number Please,"—came over the wire, "This is official 3-4-7, trace that last call to Woodside 8-300;" she hung up. Then it had *NOT* been an accident after all.

She dressed, and it didn't take her long. Would they never report on that call!—Not a sound from the next room yet—, suddenly her attention was caught by a small slip of paper beneath the door. Had that been there before? Strange she hadn't noticed. The note read

consulted a Telephone Book, marked down a number, but did not phone. Instead she proceeded on foot, in

(turn to page 24)



Legitimate or Variety?

by

FULLER PEP

A Glance, a Chance,
An Urge, a Surge,
The Time, The Place,
A Girl

The Miss, a Kiss,
A Ride, she Sighed,
Her Cost, she Lost
A Pearl

She wept, he kept
A Jane, 'twas plain;
Both saw, no more
The Churl

And he, care free,
Had Number Three,
The Time, The Place
The Girl



Behind the "Seens"

by

I. DUNN

IT



"Sign your name in the book"—comes through the cell window.

was in a building on Broadway near forty-sixth street, where they book the 'small time.'

Despite placards announcing "Do Not Loiter In The Hall," and "No Smoking," the assembled group, superstitious to a degree, evidently did not believe in signs. "Say cul, we knocked 'em off the seats, but these guys don't want talent, all they're after is—" "—if I get Friday night, I'll have three this week."—"When we was at the Palace—"

Two entrances—one marked "Private." Inside the other, every variety of ego posed about the small enclosure; the "Greats," "Near-Greats," and "Willing-to-be-Greats," each trying to convince some fifteen dollars a week "SEC-

RETARY," that his name should be taken in, first.

"Sign your name in the book," comes through the cell-window, — mechanical, cold, indifferent.

'The Book,' a cheap one where, day after day, the year 'round, names and addresses are signed in the forlorn hope of booking, a 'disappointment' on a bill, or—god knows what. 'The Book,' never looked over, and once filled, finds its way to the trash-basket, to be replaced by another.

An interminable wait.

Again the face at the cubby-hole. "Comin' and Goin', nothin' today; 'Now and Then,' come in tomorrer; 'Endurance and Patience,' wait; 'Newman and Company'—he aint seen the act"—"No I aint seen the act either"—"Yeh I seen that, but I aint seen this."

Behind the "Seens," in the compartment marked 'Private', sits the CZAR. The Mussolini upon whose shoulders rests the weight and cares of a 'million' actors. He has two, one-night-stands, on Long Island.

A flashy, full-bosomed 'soubrette' made her way into the outer office. She showed plenty of sheer silk-covered leg up to the knee, and the hip-walk swish, given to the near-skirt, disclosed more than plenty, of uncovered anatomy ABOVE the knee. She neither stopped at the Cubby-hole, nor signed her name in 'The Book'; but with a pitying look at

the talent outside, took her 'talent,' inside.

Outside, the talent waited. Inside, the 'talent' was—being "booked!" And from the time it took, she must have been given a long route, over the entire circuit.

The side door marked "Private," leading to the hall, opened. "Say Margie," said her girl friend, "how long does it take ya to book a one night stand?" "Why I never was so insulted in my life," gushed Margie,—“can you imagine that old sun of a—why what do ya suppose he had the nerve ta do—I was no sooner seated on the settee, than he looked at my legs—and took a GOOD look—then he up and said, ‘Listen girly, I can give ya a date,—I got the contract, but you gotta come across.’”



"And did ya come across?" questioned the girl friend.

"Well," said Margie, flashing a paper, "I got the contract didn't I?"



BARELY GETTING ALONG

The producers of "Artists and Models," "Scandals," and "Vanities," certainly manage to keep a-breast of the times.



"Give the Little Girl a Hand"

by

I. HURD

A BIG blonde had just finished her exhibition of various muscular activities—"Give the little girl a hand," spake the hostess. The din and clatter of

waiting to see how much she would take off, and how little she would hide. A doddering lot of old fogeys with more money than brains, hoping to get a thrill, and praying that



china, cutlery and conversation, was accentuated by the impact of wooden mallets upon the table-tops, with rattles and other noise-making devices made especially for that purpose. The 'little' girl, with the large expanse of uncovered anatomy, smiled, bowed, and smirked as if she liked it; just part of her job—another night's work. To her, the asked-for applause, was applesauce. It wouldn't add another nickel to her salary—didn't mean a thing. Her 'Art,'—art hell—just a *blase* bunch of Broadway's Night Life

during her antics of the dance, something would break,—and they would. Diamonds, clothes, nude femininity—she was sick of it all; and yet she had to live.

Life had not been very kind to the 'little' girl. She had been in love, desperately so; and engaged. But her Prince Charming had gone away to college, and she had not heard from him again. Her letters although not returned, had remained unanswered. Nor was this the only sorrow; Time, in its passing, had left her alone, and dependent on her

own resources. The department stores, Macy's and such, held no attractions—face and figure there, did not sell hardware or groceries. And so she had drifted into the Night Club life as an entertainer—well it was an existence anyway, and there was always the chance something better might turn up.

The dressing-room conversation drifting about, came subconsciously to her ears. "Him," "him," and "HIM,"—they seemed to be singing him. What of *HER* him? She had remained true in the hope that *SOME* day—had he—ah well!

In the meantime, there had been the orchestra leader, he of the long hair and dreamy eyes. He had invited her out, made love, held her hand—nothing more. He had appeal—of a certain kind, *BUT*, there was something lacking, something hard to define, an intangible absence of feeling that she could not explain. He had always played her solo numbers with especial care and expression, and she 'kidded' him along until he wouldn't be 'kidded' any longer; then he played them worse than ever. Tonight they had been quite bad, but he had been at the cabaret a long while—she but a short time—so complaint to the manager would have been useless. All that remained, was to do the best she could.

Then the old 'gink' who asked her to call him "Daddy,"—"Daddy," indeed! Why claim relationship with this man whom she hardly knew? He invited her to his apartment; and in an off moment, she had consented. It was to be a party, but the only 'party' there, beside herself, was 'his nobis.' She knew, if she stayed, what



to expect. Nor were her expectations incorrect. He tried to get fresh from the first. Not content with 'petting,' he tried 'pawing,' and was insistent that she stay. Why the old fossil was nearly sixty, and his only claim to consideration at all, was the fact that he had money—like all the rich fogeys, they think *MONEY* will pay for *EVERYTHING*—pay—who really has to *PAY* in *THE LONG RUN*! She did not claim to be a little tin disciple, *BUT*—there were limitations, discriminations and considerations.

She wouldn't stay—that was all there was to it—so she thought; *BUT*—the door was locked! She demanded that he open it—he refused. She coaxed, pleaded, begged, stormed, all to no avail. "Please let me go," she cried when everything else had failed. "They all act that way," he said, "you're like the rest." "How *DARE* you," she panted. "Then why in the devil did you come," he countered. Yes, why indeed? She couldn't find a ready answer "*WHY*," he thundered.

(turn to page 13)

Willie

by

IMA JUDGE

A toiler was Tillie
She loved silly Willie
And gave him the best that
she could;
But Willie loved Milly
And Milly caught Tillie
With Willie alone in the
wood.

Said Milly to Tillie
If this silly Billie
Will make good with both,
he's some kid;
Now *DID* he or *WILL* he
With Milly or Tillie
Did Willie — well *P'LL* say
he did!



(continued from page 11)

"Well, not for this," she managed. "No, not for this," he repeated, "but for *THIS*, (he grabbed her by the wrists) you came to get something for nothing—to play me for an easy thing—and I'll be damned if you're going to get away with it." With a force that she little dreamed he possessed, he threw her on the couch and tried to kiss her. She pushed him back and tried to rise, they struggled—her dress was torn. They battled—he was enraged to a frenzy—nearly emotional insanity; she was losing ground, but the knowledge that she was being taken advantage of, lent her additional strength. In sheer desperation, she exerted every last ounce of effort, and struck him full in the face—he toppled and fell heavily to the floor, but even as he was falling, she knew it was not the force of the blow alone. She was almost too weak to look, and lay on the couch for a few minutes to regain her breath, and quiet shattered nerves.

He had not moved—was he—or was it just a 'stroke'? She

had never seen one, but nevertheless realized that something of the kind had happened to the inert mass on the floor that no longer barred her departure. Why didn't she go—at once? Should she ring for a doctor—no, she couldn't do that without compromising herself. What *SHOULD* she do? Hastily arranging her clothing, and without as much as a second glance at the recumbent form, she unlocked the door, and hastened away, trembling in every fibre. The memory of that night would live with her a long time. It had been her first experience of this kind, and she made a mental vow that it would be the last.

But how little and how frail are human determinations! It was not a great while before the ardor of her youth was set aglow by the virility of a young Adonis, every ounce an athlete. He happened in, just one of the crowd, but she had espied him instantly, and at the moment,

through her entire being, there surcharged that electric thrill which is inevitably produced by the clean, healthy opposites of

sex. He was dark, broad-shouldered, physically fit. One could see the muscular bulge beneath a light-weight serge, the strength of torso expanding a silken shirt, the poise, assurance, bright eyes of a fine healthy animal. The 'little' girl played not only to him, but *FOR* him,

—and she *GOT* him;—only to learn that *ANOTHER* had first claim—another who



"She pushed him back and tried to rise——"

(turn over)

not only loved, catered to, but *UNDERSTOOD*.—And so another idol, and ideal, was sent crashing to Eternity!

"Give the little girl a hand,"—the noise of wooden mallets on table-tops, racket of

twirling rattles, crash of drum, applause, whistling, all came in a rush to her ears. Had she been dozing—it seemed a hundred years—and it

seemed yesterday—but had it been fifteen minutes?

She must hurry—bead her lashes, clean the smudged *Mascara*, and touch up her rouge; change into the—well yes, there was almost enough of it to call a costume—that is if one didn't want to take in too much territory,

—or if one *DID*.

Soon again, with a smile on her lips, she was out there with the others, singing the number, doing the 'taps,' taking the perfunctory encore. Then she was off—another



"He had not moved—
was he—or was
it just a 'stroke'?"

change to even less of a costume, for her specialty.

This time an "Interpretative Dance," though interpretative of just what, no one seemed to understand, or even mind. "The

wound itself and fluttered, unheeded, to the floor. The second veil, unnecessary as the first,—hesitated longer, but eventually followed its counterpart. The Third Veil, in its clinging to the finely moulded outlines, accentuated, rather than subdued, the pointing, well-rounded bosom, undulating



Wounded Dove," she had called it, but having been

dubbed by one of the waiters, "The Dying Chicken,"—since that time, it had gone without any name at all.

Why bother with Seven Veils—three were enough, in fact, as far as the audience was concerned, Three Veils, were FOUR too many. However she wore Three and—little else. Into a spot-light she whirled and gestured, pirouetting here and there. One veil, through her gyrations, un-

hips, full thighs, and generously proportioned but gracefully designed limbs. Here and there, through accident, or design, or both, rose-ivory

gleaming nudity, firm, pulsating, vibrant, tantalized the rouses, the middle-aged, and the simply curious. The music grew faster, the dancer kept time, the Third Veil was manipulated with a deft skill of experience—the dancer showed more abandon—and so did the Veil—it slipped from her shoulders—she held it as a screen—a fine net screen before her—swaying to the right—swaying to the left—one corner

(turn to page 47)



YYYYY CRACKS



Sometimes girls are in, and some-
times they are *ALL* in.

AIN'T IT HELL

When you have nothin' to do and
lots of time to do it!



Mabel: "Harry's an optimistist."

Pearl: "How c me?"

Mabel: "Well the other night we
was together—"

Pearl: "Yes—"

Mabel: "And whaddye suppose
he did?"

Pearl: "No—"

Mabel: "Yes—I'll be damned if
he didn't—do a crossword puzzle,
with a Fountain Pen."

IN THE VANITIES

She: "What is it about these
girls that makes you pay so much
attention?"

He: "Nothing!"

Some girls earn a living without
getting it, and others get a living
without earning it.

MEMORIES

What has become of Hinkey Dinkey
Parlez-vous,

Have you forgotten all the French
you ever knew,

Don't you wish you could say again
voulez-vous coucher and *combien*
Hinkey Dinkey Parlez-vous.

SHE KNEW

A girl I knew named 'Sister Sue,'
Had sweethearts new, more than a
few,

But her steady beau was—well he
Was an Irishman named Kelly.

One day her girl friend said to Sue
"My Pat McCann, can make love
too,

He can, I know, like Kelly can,"

Sue said, "He can—like Kel-ly can!"

GETTING IT STRAIGHT

You've got to have Jack, if you
want the Queen.

Many a *WISE* guy, gets trimmed
by a manicure.

YOU SHOULD PITY

The poor hard working chorus girl—
She has to bare a lot.

Jim: "How does she dress?"

Slim: "Can't tell—I never watched
her."

The sweet young thing said she
was born in Freeport,—“Just to be
near mother.”



He was only a watch-maker's
'baby,' so she "gave him the works."



Early Morn

—yes in the Summertime—and it looks like the Delaware Water Gap,
but we're not sure.

—KESSLERE



THE KIND THEY MEAN

when you read about the "beautiful, budding adolescence of virgin youth."
And now you know!

—DE MIRJIAN STUDIOS



"I 'Wanda' Where She's Waiting—
the girl I left——." What soulful eyes, and what High French heels!
Wanda Stevenson posing for

—DE MIRJIAN



YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT

that Clara has IT; "Me and my shadow," says Miss Bow, and we agree—
don't you?

—PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

Who Won The Prize?

The first, or the booby, or---

"— and *MY DEAR!* You should have seen how easy he was for *ME* to land. I was his first, you know, and *BE-LIEVE ME*, or believe me *NOT*, I made that boy *STEP!* He said I was a perfect blonde, a perfect thirty-six, and — oh just perfect all over."

"You hate yourself, don't you?" chimed in the tall brunette, "I held him longer than you did, and I'm *NOT* so damned perfect!"

Three other women, each a different type, listened attentively and awaited an opportunity to recount their experiences with this gay lothario, the Don Juan of the conversation. Following the afternoon Bridge, which had been somewhat of a failure as several disappointed, those who were present, drifted into spicy reminiscences. One alone, somewhat older and more drab, did not join in the conversation to any great extent; she told no snappy stories, nor did she speak of past conquests, real or fancied. She had not met the others before, but having been sent as a proxy, was accepted as such, though she 'sat out' most of the time, or was 'dummy.'

There were cocktails and cigar-

ettes, both of which were indulged in without stint. Behind an unusually long, jade holder, the dreamy soulful, violet eyes of The Brunette, peered through the hazy blue clouds of curling smoke. "Suppose," she said, "we each tell our story, leaving nothing out, and making noth-



ing up; and the one who tells the best, will get a prize."

"Who will decide," asked The Blonde, "we can't take a ballot, each one will vote for themselves." "Why not leave it to the Proxy," suggested The Lady with the Auburn Hair. "A good idea, you *WOULD* think of a way," said The Flapper,—and so it was agreed.

"I knew him first," piped up The Blonde, "so I'll begin." "We'll cut the cards, if it's agreeable," The Brunette, as hostess, replied, and so — they did. By some strange chance of Fate, it fell to The Blonde

(turn over)

anyway, and smilingly she arose.

"We were both at college," she began,—"huh, *YOU* at college," broke in The Flapper—"please don't interrupt," said the hostess, "you'll have *YOUR* chance later." "We were both at college," repeated The Blonde, "I had been *INVITED*—to a 'Prom.' The evening was well under way when I spied him, and because he was tall, dark, athletic and handsome, so different from the others, I decided to land him. A mutual girl friend introduced us; he scribbled his name on my program, and I, with an inward smile of satisfaction, just made my plans and anxiously waited. At last;—he danced divinely; I was in his arms, he held me close, so close. I was carried away by the magnetism of his embrace, his vivid personality, vitality, his superb rhythm; it was my first *REAL* thrill, and he must have



that ecstasy of the dance that his presence not only inspired, but created. "The moonlight is wonderful," he whispered, and my eyes told him '*YES!*'

"A shady bower, a rustic bench, the moonlight casting its silver sheen, the vibrance of Nature, everywhere—again I was in his arms, but this time even closer than before, and—different. He held me in a *LOVER'S* embrace with all the force of his Latin temperament; I could feel his heart-beats, and he must have felt mine. He kissed me, and *HOW!* His hot lips pressed against mine, we both were lost in a swoon of delight, an Eternity of blissful magnificence. We lost all account of time, forgot all about the dance, in that wildly romantic episode of the bower.

He was mine!
And not for that night only. There were other nights, and other times. We were together almost con-

known it. He asked for another, and I gave him all the open spots I had left on the program. Never before, nor since, have I experienced

stantly, and when apart, simply lived for the time when we could be together again. He took me everywhere, bought me diamonds, showed me with gifts. I called him 'Rex,' and he called me 'Queen,' *HIS* Queen; and he never tired of gazing at my figure—my perfect thirty-

six, in a street dress, in a ball gown, or in a *BATHING SUIT*—he liked me best in a Bathing Suit—yes, a One Piece Bathing Suit. He said I looked like Venus, in a Bathing Suit—but SHE never wore one—that is, one like *MINE!*”

(They all smiled. *The Lady with the Auburn Hair, sneeringly, The Brunette, pityingly, The Flapper, amusedly, most amusedly.*)

Unmindful of the others, and absorbed in her topic, The Blonde continued. “And then, one night—that night—THE night! I felt that AT LAST the time had come; he was more alive, more eager, more amorous than ever. His kisses nearly overwhelmed me, I tingled with excitement. His lips were upon mine, his hands placed more carelessly,—or more carefully than ever before—I was sure—SURE that he would——but he *DIDN'T!* He didn't——”

There was a pause, pregnant with anticipation. “Didn't *W H A T*,” chorused the others,—“didn't ask me to marry him,” finished The Blonde weakly. “Oh,” said the others. . . .

The Flapper scrunched the butt of her nearly consumed cigarette into an ash tray, as she arose with

an oh-is-*THAT*-all expression.

“Where I met him doesn't matter,” she started, “but he's *SOME* playmate, and I certainly played around with him a lot. Say listen, when it comes to Sheiks—well Valentino sure had nothin' on THIS baby. When it came to makin' love,—he was the cats, and it's too bad they never got him in Movin' Pitchers. If they ever *DO*,

well I'm here to tell the the world, there aint enough thee-aters to hold the mob. Well, one day when I was all dolled up like Mrs. Aster's pet pup, he give me the once over and says, ‘Atlantic City?’ Just like that. ‘Yeh,’ I says, ‘I've heard of the place.’ ‘And you've never been there?’ he asks. ‘Well, not lately,’ says I, be-

cause I didn't want to let on I was ignorant like; but to tell the truth, the nearest I ever was to Atlantic City, was the ferry boat to Weehawken.

“Well, one hot day we grabbed the rattler—no day coach, we traveled dee Loox, Pullman, diner, and all the trimmin's. And when I lamped the boardin' house where we wuz to stop, gee, I thought it was the Capitol at Washin'ton. Fer money, marbles, or chalk, its *SOME*

(turn to page 49)

Real Stories
Especially sexy
Acceptable
Look on page 46

Send
To
Our office
Rite
In your
Experiences
Say it in 2000 words

(continued from page 6)
the opposite direction to which the Taxicab had departed.

CHAPTER II

Hal Weston was strolling along Fifth Avenue toward the Grand Central. He had been given certain instructions along general lines, but after that, was to use his own judgment. His assignment was not to start until the following day, and so he was just strolling about, when something, habit, or chance of Fate, directed his footsteps toward the terminus where thousands, day and night, hasten to and fro.

An independent income, allowed Hal to dress in the height of fashion, and to pursue any vocation, or avocation, he chose. And so, he had engaged in a calling which, to him, seemed to offer the greatest scope for his ability to analyze a situation, make a study of human nature in all its phases, and offered not only zest, but excitement.

Standing near the Information Desk, he lighted a cigarette and glanced nonchalantly about at the throng. Same old thing, he thought, and was about to move on when he *FELT*, rather than saw, that he was

being observed. Had his training been any the less, Hal would have turned immediately; as it was, he flicked the ashes from his cigarette and bided his time.

"When does the next train leave for Montreal," in well modulated, refined, feminine tones, reached his ears. The speaker evidently was well-bred. "The last train's gone no more tonight five-fourteen tomorrow afternoon," came without pause, and in the customary monotone of all information clerks. Hal

took a few steps away, then, as if suddenly changing his mind, half turned, and observed, from the corner of his eye, the lady with the golden voice.

Even the fleeting glance as he



"A man of decided dimensions entered."

passed, disclosed the fact that she was indeed beautiful and possessed an undeniable poise and charm. She never came from Montreal, was his inward comment. With masculine strides, he proceeded in the direction of the waiting room, forming his plans the meanwhile. He did not want to lose sight of this beauty, and felt that she, did not want to lose sight of him. He reclined on the settee which faces the doorway

surely could be approached.

And why not, thought Hal, it's my night off; might as well step out for a bit of romance before the morrow. Coming to a certain decision, he also approached the table, and seating himself on the other side, facing her, also started to write—nothing in particular. He took in every detail of the cameo face with the peach-blow complexion; blue eyes, the golden hair that went with



"Every detail of a figure that would have shamed a Venus, was distinctly visible,—and more!"

and watched; sure enough, she was coming. His earlier impressions as to her beauty of face and form, were not amiss. In the parlance of the time, "she was there!"

She passed him by, and went directly to a small table. Selecting paper and pen, she started to write. There was something in her manner, both as she passed, and sat there, which plainly indicated that she

the golden voice. Hardly innocent, he thought, but almost too good to be true. And she doesn't come from New York either. How to make an opening without being commonplace, occupied his attention. She probably divined his intention; just probably. At any rate, she solved the problem for him.

"Pardon me," again the musical voice, "is there an envelope I may
(turn to page 44)

An April Shower

Tale

by I. HURD

FROM a clear sky, the evening rain descended in sheets, swirling, blowing and soaking everything within its reach. Standing at a semi-sheltered corner, the umbrella he carried afforded but meagre protection—still it was better than nothing.

His attention was suddenly focused near a particular spot on the treacherous asphalt, for one of those impossible-to-get-in-a-storm yellow conveyances, had suddenly skidded. It was of but passing moment; however during the meantime, from a round the cor-

ner, a figure had suddenly darted beside him.

One appraising glance at the ample proportions of a well rounded figure, accentuated in high relief by the pale blue *Organdie*, now wet and clinging, satisfied all doubts in his mind. He knew the face, when he should observe it, would be well in keeping. It was.

Natural chivalry, prompted him to offer such protection as may be afforded, by that article of manufacture, which is supposed to shield one from the rain—but doesn't.

"Oh thank you so much, you're very kind," she murmured, and the voice was low and well modulated. She kept nervously glancing at a

wrist-watch.

"Are you in a hurry?" he asked; "Nn-o," she replied, "but I would like to get home before it gets any worse or I catch cold." That was his cue to ask "Where IS home," and he was experienced.

Feeling the contact of her adolescence, when, at an extra gust, she huddled more closely against





that he would. Neither did she offer to make him a cup of tea. She knew that few American he-men like the anaemic brew of

Sir Thom-
aston's
product.
With her

him, he ventured—"Shall I get a taxi?" "I only live a couple of squares," she replied. Ah! from Philadelphia he decided, they say 'blocks' in New York.

She led him, in the so called 'roaring forties,' to an apartment on forty-sixth street near Eighth Avenue.

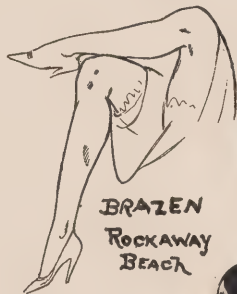
"My but you're wet, I trust you haven't caught cold," he said. "You look pretty damp yourself," she countered, "wouldn't you like to come in and get warm?" He would—and he *DID*.

Her apartment was hers alone. Despite its locality in the heart of the world's greatest theatrical district, it was cozy and well furnished. There was even a Radio. She did not commit the *faux pas* of saying 'Won't you be seated!' She knew

permission, in fact at her suggestion, he removed his shoes to dry. This by intermittent heat, furnished through a radiator, upon occasions only, by a none too energetic janitor.

"Smoke if you like," she invited, handing him a magazine, "and pardon me while I change." Behind an art screen of fairly sparse proportions she *nearly* disappeared. The magazine was opened, but not a page was turned. His eyes were not even upon it, nor were his thoughts. I wonder, he mused, whether it is the same old pastime. They're always playing the races or playing the 'Johns.' If she makes her reappearance in negligee, I'll know I'm right.

She came out in a Kimono—true to *FORM*. Dainty slippered feet, an occasional gleam of unstock-



**BRAZEN
ROCKAWAY
BEACH**



**INDIFFERENT
CENTRAL
PARK**



**BRAINY
BOSTON**



**IMPATIENT
IN TRAFFIC**



**SUBSTANTIAL
CHICAGO**



**GOOD
AND
QUIET
PHILADELPHIA**



**HYPOCRITICAL
THE SUBWAY**



**EGOTISTIC
HOLLYWOOD**

PLAYFUL
CONEY
ISLAND

FORESIGHTED
THE BATTERY

TEASING
NIGHT
CLUB

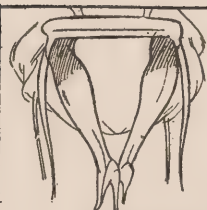
SENSUAL
GREENWICH
VILLAGE

STYLE-LESS
THE BRONX

ARISTOCRATIC
FIFTH AVE

UNDECIDED
BROOKLYN

DOMINANT
YONKERS



(continued from page 27)

inged symmetry peeped from none too confining folds. Laughingly reclining, with attempted *nonchalance*, she assumed the lower-limb posture formerly supposed to be man's sole prerogative. If his natural interest was aroused before—it certainly went higher now. Was it by accident, or chance—or was there really a motive?

Followed a pause—the Radio was suggested. 'Neath shaded lights, he tuned in——(it must have been 'Old Timers' Night')—

"SPEECH"—

He started the conversation—usual bromides—

"Remember The Day You Went Away——"

He grew reminiscent—never had a chance—always misunderstood—

"I Never Knew A Girl Like You——"

—Could be happy in an attic on bread and cheese if necessary—always longed for a home—if he had only met the right one—

"When The One You Love Loves You——"

Life could be one eternal happiness—ideal under certain con-

ditions—harmony would reign supreme if rightly mated—never took advantage of any girl—'Follies'—'Scandals'—'Vanities' sex—

(their positions shifted un-

easily)

(she drew closer)

(a short period of time elapsed)

"I'm Sitting On Top Of The World——"

(more time)

"The Melody That Made You Mine ——"

(still more time)

"Oh Katharina——"

(MUCH more time)

"Sleepytime Gal——"

He glanced at the time, raising his line of vision to the mantle clock—my he had no idea—the hour was—

"LOPEZ SPEAKING"—

"Must you go," she queried.

"Must," was the response.

She pouted. He put on his shoes.

They were dry. So were the pavements. He argued with his conscience.

Anyway, *WHO* had insisted, in the morning, that he take his umbrella?



In Ye Court of King Arthur



The Queen was dire in need of fun;
"Come Jester, quickly make a pun,
And choose thy subject, or have
done,
Off goes thy head at set of sun!"

The Jester punned upon the Queen,
The King came in, the things raw
seen,
"You Fool," he cried, "thy wit's
not keen,
Gadzooks, no Subject is a Queen!"

Aint Nature Grand

A page of Truth from the
book of Life

by

BEN THARE

SHE and I are friends. I see her every day and night; and she sees me—a lot. I see her a lot, and a lot of HER—there's a distinction *AND a DIFFERENCE!*

We've never had a quarrel; we never will have. In fact I'm her best, her *VERY* best companion. We've known each other for a long time—*EVER* so long, but she's never given me any presents, and I've never spent a cent on her.

I've seen her happy, sad, disappointed; early in the morning, late at night, throughout the day. Many a time I've been present when she combed her hair, rouged her lips, and touched up her eyebrows. I've seen her with lovers, fondly embracing—I've been there when she has been kissed, and been kissing.

I've seen her at her best, and her worst—in the Winter, in the Summer—all the year round. We never talk back, have a difference of opinion, or argue about a thing. We get along together famously because I have never lied to her, but disclosed always, nothing but the *TRUTH*—I am sure she realizes and appreciates this.

I've been right beside her when she has burst into song, when she has wept bitter tears of regret, while she has spoken aloud her very thoughts.

She would rather part with everything she possesses than to give me up—I am quite indispensable to her



(turn over)

happiness, her very LIFE; she has never told me so, but I KNOW—besides I know too much about her—almost *EVERYTHING!* All the exercises she takes to reduce here, and to build out there; I've seen all the secret preparations, all the subterfuge, and all the camouflage.

Many a time I've silently gazed at her full figure as she arose in the

morning, and when she disrobed for bed at night. She and I are, and always have been, models of propriety; and yet, to me, not one curve of her superb captivating, voluptuous form, is a mystery. I've seen her all, and altogether.

I am not her husband.

I am not her maid.

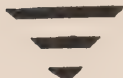
I am

her mirror.

At First and Then

by

A. F. LURT



An actor fair, a maiden sweet,
Eyes that in a side glance
meet,
A hotel in a nearby street
—Mash.

Caution for the time forgotten,
Warning cries too late to stop
'em
The 'lady's' husband came and
got 'em
—CASH!



Why Did She Ever ~

by
MAY B. BEST



THE door slammed as he went out! They had quarreled again, but this was the worst—she threw herself on the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break. This then was to be the end—he had left her, was gone for good, this man whom she loved, and to whom she had given—her all. Sobbing gave way to despair—despair to determination. She arose, put out the light and raised the shade. It was late in the evening, but frightfully oppressive; a glowing red, summer-sun hung low in the western sky. The humidity was almost overpowering; stepping well back into the shadows, she stripped, sponged, and donned her thinnest negligee.

Seated at the window, gazing into space, forming plans. Here and there, a light in the windows across the court—a fleeting shadow—another darkened window and raised shade—and soon another. How many eyes were peering into the gloom, and who was behind them?

Below, a VERY Loud Speaker, attached to a cheap Radio, belched forth the horrible sounds; called by some, music. From another apartment, in discordant opposition, a different station made the jangle worse; an infant squawked; the driver of a private car, too lazy to get out and ring the door-bell, kept up a tattoo on his horn trying to attract someone's attention, and succeeding by attracting everyone's. Her nerves were on edge—was everybody happy but she?

Subconsciously, her mind drifted back to the days when she HAD been happy. A care-free girl, healthy, strong, full of the vigor and vibrance of youth—and that day she had stolen off, early in the morning, to a secluded pool—and gazed at her nude reflection in the smooth crystal, of the waters below. The laughing blue eyes, frank in their innocence, the glint of the sun in her golden hair, the clear-cut, ivory-white, well-rounded torso of budding, virgin adolescence. The picture was a pleasing one—she imagined herself a nymph, a mermaid, about to charm with her wiles, some lucky, or unlucky boatman, WHEN—

She SENSED rather than saw, or heard—DANGER! Hastily diving into the shimmering depths, she was instantly clothed by their cool, invigorating secrecy, though her cheeks flamed scarlet. Who had found this place—who had invaded the privacy of this swimming hole that she thought no one else knew—WHO had gazed upon her, as she posed upon the bank in fancied security?

Swimming to the surface, with just her head above the waters, and circling about, she searched the shores intently with far-seeing eyes. This bank, that bank, the opposite bank—she saw—nothing. Not a sound, save the splash of water reached her alert ears. Could she have been mistaken? Hardly;—intuitively she knew that someone
(turn over)

was watching; some 'Peeping Tom!'

What tragic a predicament! Her clothes were on the bank, she couldn't get out and get them, and couldn't stay where she was forever. Her mind worked fast—she could swim beneath the water and go way up the bank, sneak into the woods and, behind the trees, work her way to the bush beside which

her clothes lay. She would have to take the chance of getting hold of SOMETHING before she was seen. She was just about to start as—

"Good morning, little mermaid," came from the exact spot where she had previously stood. Hastily turning in the water, she saw him— young, handsome, smiling—"you're horrible," she said; "you're beauti-



"She SENSED rather than saw or heard—DANGER!"

ful," he retorted. Again her cheeks burned hotly—"Oh," she almost screamed,—*"did you—how long have you been here?"* "I just came," he replied. (She knew he was lying)—*"well just GO AWAY,"—can't you see—I haven't any—I—my clothes—oh PLEASE—you LOOK like a gentleman."* "I thought you said I was horrible,"—"well I didn't mean—I—oh why don't you go way over to the other side, and dive in," she suggested. "I can't swim," he said—"so much the better," she came back. (Then the thought occurred to her that if he **COULD SWIM**, he **MIGHT—** oh that would **NEVER** do!) "If you don't go away instantly," she said, "I'll never speak to you again,"—"and if I do,"—"oh **ANYTHING**,—yes, I swear it, please, I'm getting cold—go far, **FAR** away." Taking a last look, he turned, plunged into the woods and was gone, without another word.

She waited in the water a while longer, and then slowly made her way to the shore. Fearfully, she emerged, **RAN** to her clothes, and, all dripping and wet, without stopping to dry, dressed as best she could. Indignantly she hastened away. Keep her promise **INDEED!** She would never go to that place again, **NEVER**. However—

She did. The very next morning, but **NOT** to swim. What made her go, she didn't know—what strange motive drawing her back to the



"Good morning little Mermaid"

place, like a criminal, possessed her? Sure enough, he was there—she was about to run away but he saw her, knew that he had won, and that she had lost.

Casual conversation gave way to a more intimate exchange of confidences which drifted into ardent love-making, kisses, the intimate embrace of passionate yearning. She listened to his suggestion, his plan, his promise.

The following day, he left, and she—left with him. They motored far—they were together—what else mattered? The wild exuberance of youth held full sway. Love unleashed, exotic, all-consuming, rapturous—it was not an instance of Give and Take, it was a case of give, give, **GIVE**. Each lived for the

(turn to page 41)

With or Without



She simply wouldn't wear
'em—

And caught cold and
Had an *AWFUL* time,

so

Sick in bed—and

The next time it was cold
and rainy, she

Put 'em on—but

They were a doggone nui-
sance, and

Such a bother, she

Simply *COULDN'T* get used

to—

RUBBERS!



There's A Head-dress Anyway

but why does Ziegfeld waste money? Katherine Burke is there, and
THERE in 'Rosalie.'

—ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



'Lavender,' and Old Lace

we see the lace, and we don't Miss Lavender. A slender figure with fine flesh tones.

—DE MIRJIAN



BUSTED?

—Yes! But not broke! This model shows an exceedingly fine development of the torso; firm round breasts that do not sag.

—DE MIRJIAN



Marion Morgan Dancers

in an extremely difficult pose. A remarkable photographic study of Dance Motion by

—KESSLER—

(continued from page 35)

other, each tried to outdo the other in the technic of the greatest moving force since the beginning of Time. He was attentive, considerate—she captivating, alluring, wonderful! No half-hearted affair was this, no romance for a day—they were wrapped in each other, heart, mind, and soul. Once in his arms, she melted, her hot kisses vied in intensity with the ardor of his, her soul soared to the heights, she was in another world, and—she was nearly ALWAYS, in his arms. Honeyed phrases, pet names, whispered nothings—they sailed upon the top crest of the Sea of Excitement—their life together a Dream of Perfection until—

SHE came—the other woman, she of the Titian tresses. They had met at a dance, and since that time, there had been a difference—a great difference. In his eyes there was shortly that far away look—he was restless, impatient, fault-finding. He tried to hide this new female in-



“—dressed as best she could”

terest of his, unsuccessfully; she of the early morning bath, knew—and knew only too well.

Every ounce of love, attention, care, and coquetry she could command, was brought into play, yet slowly, but surely, she saw, and knew, that no longer were his thoughts and his desires of her alone. Gradually she saw herself drifting into the background, fading into the Past, a Cast-Aside, just a trampled Rose-Bud by the wayside. She would play second-fiddle to NO one, and told him so. Fatal error, for now she played,—not at all. That very night she spent alone—and the next night—and the next.

The necessity for employment became imperative. Work—anything—anything to forget—a shattered romance, a broken heart, alone, adrift in the merciless whirlpool of an existence. But where—WHERE? Wearily she tramped from place to place, answered the ads., visited the agencies. No one seemed to need a stenographer, and what else could she do? Her resources were getting low—rent was due; with a determination born of desperation, she entered the office of a large concern and asked to see the president. He sent out his secretary—and two women, were galvanized into statues! Neither the one nor the other could speak—neither the seeker for employment with the blue eyes and the golden hair, nor the secretary to the president—she of the Titian tresses!

What had happened after that was obscure, a merciful oblivion had shut out all else. * * * * *

At the awakening, as she gradually came into possession of her senses, it was with the knowledge that she was in a strange place, and that someone was bending over her—she had a vague impression that

(turn over)

HE had come back, but the man looked like a doctor—probably was—she was sick, that was it—burning up—the delirium of fever perhaps—the nurse—the NURSE,—she had **RED HAIR!** She closed her eyes—she couldn't bear—or was it her imagination? And then she heard—HIS voice gently calling her name—it sounded so far—so very far away—was it really—and then it seemed closer—and then, she opened her eyes and—**KNEW.** He **HAD** come **BACK.**

The knowledge lent speed to her recovery, and it was not a great while before she, with forgiveness, again attempted to pick up the tangled thread of their life together. He was once more kind and attentive, and she did her best, but still between them, there was the thought that he had been untrue. Try as hard as they would, it was not the same, could never be; sadly both realized that the destroyed Bloom of Confidence, could never blossom again; that love without trust, is but the Ashes of Desire. The result was inevitable—he would go back—to the other—* * * *

he **DID** go back—**HE WAS WITH HER NOW—**

Suddenly her attention was arrested by a profiled shadow on a window-shade that flapped in the breeze—yes, it **MUST** be—she was almost positive,—and in his arms—the **OTHER WOMAN!** She watched



more intently, they were kissing—her arms were about his neck, his hands were grasping her—

She wanted to scream—stop them—what right had the other—she'd go to the room—find it some how—knock on the door and demand her due—she couldn't move.

There was a dazzling flash of lightning, followed by the rumble of distant thunder—she was cold—**VERY** cold—she threw off the feeling of inactivity—rain was splashing in her face—she arose, rushed to the window—it was daylight—she peered out and saw—no one!—there was no light—no drawn shade—nothing at the window opposite. She hastily closed her window. Was it a dream?

She gazed about the room—the bed had not been slept

(continued from page 25)

have?" "Why certainly," he replied, and handed her one graciously. She thanked him with a smile, disclosing perfect teeth, and a Cupid's Bow, of its own right. He waited till she had addressed the envelope, and then asked, "pardon me, but didn't I hear you mention Montreal?" "Yes," she replied sweetly, "why?" "I live in Montreal," he lied beautifully, "perhaps you would care to motor up, I'm going to leave in the morning." "Perhaps," was all she said.

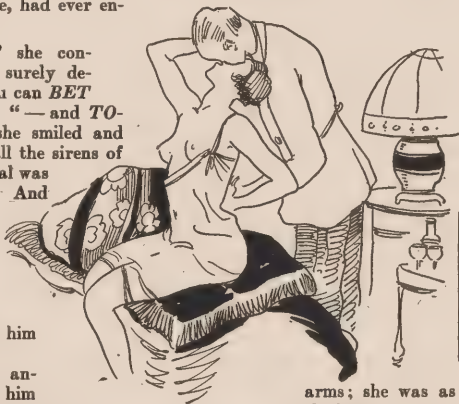
In low tones, they continued the conversation; Hal was naturally wary, but for once, was taken off his guard. He had seen many beautiful women before, but she was by far, their superior; handsome, alluring, gracious, charming, intelligent, and in addition, possessed the most magnetic personality that he, with all his experience, had ever encountered.

"Tomorrow then," she continued, "and may I surely depend upon it?" "You can *BET* on it," replied Hal. "—and *TO-NIGHT?*" Again she smiled and with all the wiles of all the sirens of history combined. Hal was sunk, and he knew it. And she knew it. And he knew that she knew it. And she—well, as they left the station—together, Hal hailed a Cab. . . . She let him hold her hand.

After the theatre, another Cab. . . . She let him kiss her. . . . At Central Park West, the Cab was dismissed. . . . They ascended in the elevator. In her apartment, she kissed *HIM*. And she *COULD!* Experienced as he was, Hal had never before known to what wild heights, the passionate

embraces of a voluptuary could ascend. She kissed him madly, and he returned her kisses, just as madly; he was nearly insane with the excitement of the moment. Excusing herself at last, she retired, and shortly returned in the most daring negligee he had ever seen, even in Paris. Every detail of a figure that would have shamed even a Venus, was distinctly visible, and more. He was nearly overcome with the revelation, and forgetful of everything but the magnificence of the creature before him, and the enchantment of the moment.

Human nature has its limitations; he arose and grasped her almost roughly, crushing her to his bosom. Their lips were pressed together, her hot kisses burned into his very soul; he led her to the couch—again they were locked in each others



arms; she was as turbulent as a seething volcano, and he on the verge of distraction. She kissed his hair, his eyes, the tip of his ear; he felt her shoulders, arms, bosom, and the sensuous nearness of her body. "My god," he vehemently

cried, "this is awful!" (There was a knock at the door.)

"My god," she cried, "my husband!"

Hal cooled as if ice. Quickly his brain adjusted itself to the circumstance. The old trick, he thought, what an ass, I might have known. Not the slightest variation, even the speech is the same. (The knock was repeated.)

She opened the door. A man of decided dimensions entered. He had an assumed baleful look of surprised indignity. He would be a bad fellow to mix it with, yet Hal held his ground. "Well what the hell are you doin' here with my wife?" was his opening attack. "Listen dear, he's just an old friend of mine paying a social call," she intervened. "Social—*SOCIAL*," he roared, "and at *ONE O'CLOCK* in the *MORNING*? You shut yer trap and keep it shut." He turned to Hal, "Well, come on, spit it out, what have ye got to say—not that it'll do ya any good; you're caught dead to rights. Well what's the matter, are ye deaf? Whaddya got ter say?"

"Not a thing," quietly answered Hal. He knew he was in for it, but also realized that no explanation could justify his presence; besides he was wise to the game, which was as old as the hills, and just as crude.

"Not a thing, eh, say you've got a devil of a nerve, not a thing, and I catch you alone with my wife." "How do I *KNOW* she's your wife?" "Why you dirty — (the big fellow strode toward him) thief," (the woman intervened). "Oh don't, don't," she pleaded, "really

there was nothing — " "There was *ENOUGH*," he barked, "I'll just call up the house-detective, and see if *HE* thinks there was nothing."

He strode to the phone, and then — hesitated. "Well why don't you call him up?" asked Hal. The receiver was removed from the hook — a pause — "put on the house-detective" — another pause — "that you, Jim—there's a guy up here—yes, in my room—and with *MY* wife—be right up—and say, Jim—"

"Why don't you hang up that *DUMMY* phone?" asked Hal. The receiver was slammed on the table. "Say young feller, ya think yer wise, don't ya? Well let me tell ya *ONE* thing, yer goin' to come across before ya leave this room, *GET* me?"

"I get you," said Hal, "but you don't get *ME*. I'm wise to this badger game." (they started.) "Why don't you get something new?" "Perhaps you could *TEACH* us something new," the lady purred sarcastically. "Perhaps," was all he answered.

"Perhaps *NOT*," said the burly one, "don't be a sap, just come across, and come across *HEAVY*." "Suppose we talk matters-over," suggested Hal, "perhaps we *CAN* come to some agreement." (The three sat.) "This isn't your regular graft," Hal began, "it's just a side issue. The pickin's aren't soft enough. Now suppose we combine—" "Why we don't even know who you are," spoke the feminine

(turn over)



voice, not quite so golden now, "and how do we know you may be trusted?" "You'll have to take a chance on that," said Hal, "even if I *DO* come from Montreal!"

They talked until far into the morning. And in the meantime,—where was Alice—what of the note, and *WHO* was the Lady with the black domino?

(See the *REAL STORY BOOK* for December—
on sale at the stands the Tenth of NOVEMBER)

EASY MONEY

"You seem to be having a lot of spare change lately," said Mabel, "and you promised me never to gamble again!" Dick, looking wise, just said, "And I kept my promise, it isn't gambling, it's Easy Money." "No money is easy money," his wife replied, "you either have to earn what you get, or there's never any luck in it." "There's luck in this," said Dick, "all I did was to write a letter." "*DICK*," admonished Mabel, "please don't add lying, to your other accomplishments."

"I had intended to surprise you," replied Dick regretfully, "now I'll have to explain." Mabel sat down with an air of resignation, "Yes, yes, go on," she said. "I stopped at one of the stands for something to read," Dick continued, "but there are so many magazines to choose from—one seemed more attractive however, and to stand out from the rest. You can't always judge a book by its cover, but I bought it anyway. Say, Mabel, it was the best Twenty-Five Cents worth I ever invested in; the Jokes are Funny, the Stories, Snappy, and the *PICTURES*—"

"What's all that got to do with the loose change?" interrupted Mabel. "I'm coming to that in a minute," said Dick, "this magazine is called the *REAL STORY BOOK*, and *REAL* is *RIGHT*! They offered a prize—the ad read: FIVE DOLLARS for the BEST LETTER of Three Hundred Words, telling which story you like the best and *WHY*."

So I wrote to the editor, using one side of the paper, put my name and address plainly, and I'll be doggoned if I didn't win the FIVE DOLLARS! It didn't take me ten minutes. I always thought those things were fakes, and—"

"Yes, but you've had a lot more than Five Dollars," said Mabel, "and I didn't go through your pockets to find that out either!" "Must a fellow tell ALL his secrets," Dick answered, "the stories were sure pippins, but I wanted to read my favorite author, so I tried for *another* prize. They pay the usual word rate, and, according to the announcement FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the BEST STORY, TEN DOLLARS for the next BEST STORY of Six Thousand Words, and must be submitted by the Fifteenth of each month. One side of the paper and instructions the same as the other. Well, I won the SECOND prize." "Why Dick, I didn't know—"

"Oh, there's a lot of things you don't know," said Dick, "and one of them is, that next month, I'm going to try for the FIRST prize. You certainly will have to admit, that it's EASY MONEY."

(continued from page 15)

"HE had seen her
unadorned, in the



hollow, shameful
mockery of art—"

dropped—the dancer showed fear—the sound of the hunter's horn from the music—a shot from the same source—"The Dove" had been hit, wounded—the Third Veil slipped from nerveless fingers to the floor, leaving between the audience and "The Dove," little but the atmosphere—she sank to the floor—. The dance was over. The spot-light was turned off leaving all in semi-darkness. A maid brought a cloak, which was slipped about the recumbent form before she arose to take her bow. All the lights were up—her attention was arrested by a Flower Girl, selling cigarettes to a man at a nearby table—she looked more keenly—stared—the smile froze on her face—and then, for the second time that night, fell to the floor; but this time, did *NOT* rise. "She's fainted,"—"the heat,"—"WATER,"—the orchestra struck up a dance number as they carried her to the dressing-room.

* * *

When she slowly regained con-

siousness, it was with the painful and bitter remembrance that it was *HIS* face she had seen for the first time since—since he had gone away. *HIS* eyes that had turned with reproach and condemnation, almost into her very soul. *HE* who had seen her, unadorned, in the hollow, shameful mockery of art—and *HE* who had looked away when she had seen him. The tears fell, unrestrained, and unheeded, as she sobbed. He

had forgotten her until that night—he had promised—he had gone away—*f o r g o t t e n*—ignored her—and here he was—and here she was—well she had to live—he hadn't given a damn whether she lived or died—she didn't care whether she died or not—since he was with—since he and that hussy with him had seen—had seen her without—without any—as she was—as she had been. This was the last blow to all her hopes, ambitions, prayers; the final chapter. She would leave—another place, another city,—a vaudeville act,—yes that was a good idea—*ANYTHING* to get away! She'd start to *LIVE*—she had been good long enough—and he—hadn't cared. The next night, however, found her on the job. She had no feeling about it one way or the other; and played them all, young, old, middle-aged.—What price virtue,—heartaches, heartbreaks, hard work, loneliness—bah,—*ON WITH THE DANCE!*

Following the concluding ensemble, she had to entertain—at the

(turn over)

tables. She flopped into an empty seat—*ANOTHER* old 'gink'! What was the difference now, they were all alike, one was as good as another—or as bad. He touched her knee, and was thrilled; she had no feeling about it whatsoever. They danced and drank, and drank and danced till Daylight called.

Succeeding nights were a repetition, only more so. She didn't love him but he had money. She made him spend it, but not on wine. She shopped—but not at Macy's. If there was any luxury in either apartment, or apparel, she did not

possess, it was because she didn't know what it was, or where it could be purchased.

He was insistent—but she looked him up in Dun and Bradstreet first. He had plenty.

She made him sign on the dotted line the day he handed the Justice of the Peace, five, transfered to her, five times five thousand, and made his *will* in her favor—

He had high blood pressure—*AND*—an awful cough, so you'll just have to "Give The Little Girl a Hand."



THE BULL

I am Italian. She is French.

We live in Spain—

My aint it cold!

(continued from page 23)

CLASS. Well, we went up to the suite, got settled, and then—we went out. Say, that beach sure IS some handful of sand. Startin' at the Inlet, we did the Boardwalk, and any place we didn't go inter,—**AIN'T.**

"Go for a dip," says he; 'just lead me to it,' says I, and when he came outa the Bath House, was he a pitcher, say I'd rather look at that guy in a Bathin' Suit, than at the Prince of Wales fallin' off a horse. Talk about legs—well the beach was full of them, believe me, you see 'em

there, every kind in the world, but he looked at mine and—well they ain't so very skinny. After we each had a *GOOD* close-up, we hit the water. Could he swim—I'll say he could—and did he hold me tight,—I'll say he did, but say, the ocean ain't no place to make love—it's all wet. After a while,—'how about the Pier,' says he, so after another while, we was on the Pier, way out on the end, and then—he told me—oh a lotta things, just as if I wasn't wise. 'Little girl,' says he, 'you're young, too young to know.' 'To know what,' says I, kinder innercent like, and then he explained about—souls, and soul-mates, and somethin' he called Plate—Plate-on—Plate on

somethin' or other, but it all means the same after all. I knew what he wuz drivin' at so, 'I'm more than seven,' says I, kinder wise like, and he looked as if he believed me."

(*They all shifted positions. The Lady with the Auburn Hair, leaned back impatiently, The Brunette, yawned impolitely, The Blonde, crossed her legs nonchalantly.*)

"Well, we got back to the suite—we had *SOME* suite, and take it from me, *HE* was some sweet; talk about Pep, *S W E E T DADDY*, that

boy, can Sheik, and Sheik good. I thought I knew, but when it comes to tricks, he makes Thurston look like a piker.—But wait, you aint heard nothin' yet!

"He kissed me goodnight twenty times, or maybe twenty-one; I lost count before he went to his room, and I went to mine. I didn't lose much time in gettin' undressed, and under the shower—say, under a shower, undressed, I look like September Morn on a rainy day—and then some; I got that Jane stopped on figger, even when the Tide *DOES* go out. Well, I was hardly through when—there comes a knock on the door—sorta gentle like, *BUT*, a knock. 'Wait,' says I, 'till I get

(turn over)



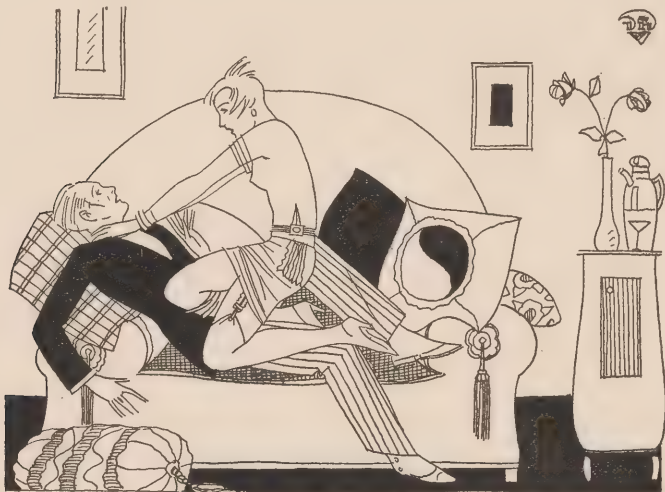
"I look like September Morn on a rainy day."

somethin' on,'—yeh, and the only thing handy was a thin Kimona. He wanted to come in awhile, said he couldn't sleep—could he come in and talk. 'Just talk,' says I, 'JUST,' says he—'it's late,' says I, 'TOO LATE,' he asks—well,—you know how it is, when a guy treats ya right and spends a roll, and you're in Atlantic City, and the salt air gets into yer blood, and—well, it don't pay to be mean, does it?

next day after that we—just came back. Why, I don't know—but from that day to this, I ain't never set eyes on him again."

"Amen," said The Lady with the Auburn Hair. Each sipped another cocktail before the third story of the evening.

"What appealed most to me," said she of the Copper Hued Bob, "was not only his passion, but his *INTELLIGENCE*. He certainly



"Ours was a hectic love, the wild, impetuous, flaming romance of two souls—"

"So I—well, we started to talk, and before long, I was on—on his lap, and before long—well, talk about your pettin' parties, you can take it from your Aunt Tillie, he was *THERE*. And after that, well—we didn't *TALK* much. And when he went to his room—it was *ME* who couldn't sleep!

"The next day we kissed and loved and petted just as much, and the

could love, but he also had the brains to know whether his woman could love, and whether she could match his love, with *HERS*. Did I come up to his ideal? He can tell you that. Did he fill my life with a great happiness? I'll leave that to your imagination. I was his companion at the time in his life when he *NEEDED* a companion, and when I,—needed one too. Ours was

a hectic love, the wild, impetuous, flaming romance of two souls who understood each other thoroughly. He came to me with all his problems, and I confided in him—everything, laying the innermost secrets of my heart bare. When he held me in his arms, it was not with the calm passiveness of just another lover, it was with the indescribable ardor of a *SUPERMAN*. And when I loved him, it was not just the fervor of a Cleopatra, it was with all the fierce passion of a Du Barry.

"My nature is written in my hair, and he knew it; he even told me so when first we met, and I could not deny it. He not only fell for me, I fell for him—it was mutual. Love is not only in the winning, it is in the holding; and I held him, and he—held me. He took me to Niagara Falls, and there, beside the mad, tempestuous rush of waters, we stood arm in arm, gazing at the amazing



spectacle before us. 'That,' he said, 'is like our love, powerful, strong, stupendous, rushing onward and onward; and will never stop.' I was supremely happy—it was our first night together. What matter man-made legality, we were oblivious to

every other thing, and every other body. The delights of his love making opened up, to me, a new world, a Furnace of Excitement, a Haven of Contentment.

He knew how to love, and, he did. I knew how, and, I did. We both were carried away in the whirling, bubbling heights of undiluted, flaming, sexual adoration. There was no respite, we loved intently, dominantly, constantly. He had no weak points, and if I had,—well he never told me. Mutual consideration, mutual understanding, and mutual reciprocity. I smoothed his dark hair, gazed into his black eyes, pressed my bosom to his—he caressed my neck, shoulders, ran his fingers through my curly permanent wave, called me his 'Goddess!' There was no special time, they *ALL* were special."

(The other three all relaxed. The Blonde, lighted another cigarette, The Flapper, drank another cocktail, The Brunette, uncrossed, and recrossed in reverse, her very shapely limbs.)

"And then, one day,—he—was called away," said the speaker, "and I've often wondered—and I still wonder—who has him NOW."

She sat down with a trump—that-one-if-you-can demeanor, as The Brunette arose to the occasion. She took her time, and gazing at the other three, as if weighing the main points of their stories, began in a low contralto voice that bespoke a superb control.

"My friends," she said, "no one knew him better than I—NO one;—of this I am certain. I had him *LAST*. And even though now apart, we are, I am sure, still together in spirit. He *IS* a *WON*—
(turn over)

DERFUL lover. He is everything you have said, and he is **MORE**. We not only loved, we adored, **WORSHIPPED!** To me, he was as beautiful as a Greek God, and as virile as a Casanova. There is love, and there is **LOVE**—we **LOVED!** We reached the **HEIGHTS**, the superlative, Supreme **PINNACLE!** Love, passion, intelligence, brains, tenderness, physique, yes, he had them all, but added to this, strength of character, personality, a sense of humor, and a very definite idea of the fitness of things.

"I've heard from you each how he appealed to the one, and to the other, but who can honestly say that she awakened within him, **EVERYTHING** that he possessed?"

"He took me abroad, to Paris, Monte Carlo, to Venice—ah **ITALY!** The Bay of Naples,—it was there that we both were lost in the admiration of Nature about us, and the realization of nature within us. The memory of that night, aboard his yacht will forever be the one high-light in my life that can never be obliterated. And if Fate wills that we never meet again, I am thankful for the hours we spent together, the wonderful nights, the soul-to-soul enrapturement, the strength of his arms, the soft tenderness of his heart, the beautiful character of his mind, the passionate yearning of his very being, when he was **MINE**—just **MINE!** To have had him for a lover, is a blessing—to have missed him—a calamity. Everything I possess, I owe to him, everything I own, he has bought me. The drinks you are

*"We reached the HEIGHTS,
the superlative Supreme
PINNACLE!"*



enjoying, the food I eat, the very clothes I have on my back, his money paid for. I have not heard from him in a long while, but I know, that someday, he'll come back and—to **ME.**"

(There was a pause. Silence reigned. It was The Lady with the Auburn Hair who broke the spell.)

Turning to the Proxy, she asked, "Well, who wins the prize?" The woman, slightly older than the rest, and more drab, slowly shook her head, "it's hard to say," she replied.

"Why can't you decide," questioned the hostess, "do you know him?"

"No, I do **NOT** know him," she answered simply, "I'm only his **WIFE.**"

She won the prize!

SONG TITLE

He Had A Suspicious Soprano
and She Had An Unconscious Bass.

AN EXPERT

She was good.
He said so.

BUTLER: "My lord, a lady
awaits without."

SIR 'A': "Without what?"

BUTLER: "Without food or
clothing."

SIR 'A': "Send her in!"

SUICIDE?

SHE: "My poor brother blew
out his brains."

HE: "Pistol?"

SHE: "No,—SAXAPHONE!"

IS BROADWAY GETTING RELIGIOUS

Three wise men followed a star.

"It's not the Wrapper that counts
the most—it's the Filler," said the
tobacco traveling salesman.

OH WHAT A PAL

He left the house
Around the corner, opened a
little red book,
He journeyed to the address;
His wife sleeplessly waited
through the night,
In the morning he came home,
A Mason.

There's many a "Strange Inter-
lude" not staged in public.

"AH!" Said HEINZ,
Looking at his
'Fifty Seven Varieties':
I love you as I loved you
When you were SWEET—
When you were sweet,
16.

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New York. Dept. D-23

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unnecessary.

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your **FUT-
URE?**

NEED you
know about
your **PAST?**

NEED you
know about
MONEY,

**HEALTH, FRIENDS, ENEMIES,
LOVE, etc.**

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your psychological **STARASCOPE**.

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building up important links in your
life; and visualizing certain tenden-
cies in your **STARASCOPE** which
is based on one of the twelve major
zodiacal groupings.

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lations about your innermost hopes
and desires, discard this.

BUT IF YOU WANT to
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ACQUIRE more happiness

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real satisfaction.

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Section A-9
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New York, N. Y.

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posed to **FORTUNE TELLING**, for correct
explanation of my personal tendencies. I
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P. A. Bradley, Newton, Mass.



BOX

Be Popular

SUCCESSFUL — MAGNETIC

Within YOU, as within every other man and woman, lies a strange, magnetic power to bend other men and women to your will; to make them actually WANT you as a friend or as a partner in business or marriage; to make people go out of their way to do you favors; to overcome weakness and disease and bad habits; to triumph over enmity and ill-will—all through this curious power called "Personal Magnetism." The magnetic person draws others to him, silently, secretly, irresistibly, as the magnet attracts the iron. They MUST yield to the magnetism, fascination and charm which radiates from the strongly magnetic person!

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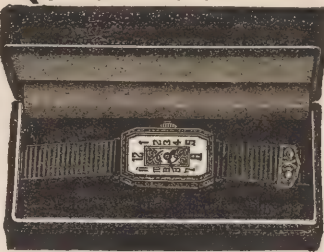
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Your choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. While Gold finish richly carved case, with extra-fine Swiss 6-jewel movement, shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate timekeeping. Regular \$18.00 value. Radium dial and hands. Send No Money. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

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Here's an opportunity to buy this combination for only \$3.59. Pocket Watch is

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Worn by Practical Men Everywhere. Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof. —Perfect timekeeper—Radium Dial—tells time in dark—Fine imported full jeweled movement

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When your watch, knife and chain arrive pay Bargain Sale Price. (Nothing more to pay.)

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LUCK \$ Money, Happiness, Success—all symbolized in this rich, new "LUCKY MAGIC EYE" ring. Attracts, compels, mystifies! Be Rich! Win at games, business, love. Order Yours Now! **SEND NO MONEY** Pay Postman \$2.98 on Arrival. Postage paid. GUARANTEED. R. A. Bradley, Newton, Mass.

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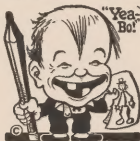
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